

Advertisements for various businesses and services, including printing, photography, and general stores.

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INCY DYHOUSE
team Laundry.
W. I. JORDAN
P. J. CURRAN
GEO. W. HERSEY
C. L. WELLINGTON
J. R. KENDRICK
J. W. WARREN
GEO. H. RICHARDS
MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING
AND FURNISHING GOODS
24 AND 25 DOCK SQUARE,
BOSTON.

The Weymouth Gazette.
PUBLISHED BY
C. G. EASTERBROOK,
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, AT WEYMOUTH,
MASS.
Terms: Two Dollars a Year, in advance.
(Single Copy, Five Cents.)
Orders for all kinds of Printing will receive prompt
attention, and be neatly and correctly executed.
Business Cards.
Frank W. Lewis,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
27 COURT STREET, BOSTON,
AND
WEYMOUTH, Mass.
Office Hours:—Boston, from 9:30 A. M. to 2:30
P. M.; Weymouth, from 10 A. M. to 9 P. M.
HAY and STRAW!
Bundle Hay and Straw
FOR SALE BY
JOS. LOUD & CO.,
WEYMOUTH LANDING
Don't Forget
B. F. Godwin,
HAIR DRESSER,
JACKSON SQUARE, EAST WEYMOUTH.
27m
M. FRENCH, Jr.,
DEALER IN
STOVES, RANGES, CARPET
SWEEPERS, Etc.
TIN ROOFING AND JOBBING DONE TO ORDER.
Clothes Wringers Repaired.
COMMERCIAL SQUARE, EAST WEYMOUTH.
27
A. F. & H. L. Thayer,
Livery Stable
AND BOARDING,
Washington Square, WEYMOUTH.
27m
Carriages and Harnesses
CONSTANTLY ON HAND AND FOR SALE BY
NATHAN T. JOY,
Corner of North and Middle Streets,
EAST WEYMOUTH.
HAY and STRAW
FOR SALE.
CONSTANTLY ON HAND, first quality Hay and
Straw, for sale at wholesale and retail, by
J. R. KENDRICK, 100
Weymouth, April 10, 1876.
DENTISTRY.
NOW is the time for those who want a set of
gold or silver teeth, to have them made, as the
gold is at a low price, and the work is done
at a low rate.
FOR TEN DOLLARS,
ANY time during the year, I will make a set of
teeth, for those who want them, for ten dollars.
I will also make a set of teeth, for those who
want them, for ten dollars.
FOR TEN DOLLARS,
ANY time during the year, I will make a set of
teeth, for those who want them, for ten dollars.
I will also make a set of teeth, for those who
want them, for ten dollars.
MEETINGS OF THE
Electmen & Overseers of Poor.
The Selectmen of Weymouth will be in session at
the Town House, every Monday during the
month of February, from ten to twelve o'clock
A. M. The Overseers of the Poor will meet at the
same place, on the second Tuesday of each month,
at twelve o'clock P. M.
FOREIGN TRAVEL.
By Dr. HOLLAND, the Editor,
this issue of the "Weymouth Gazette" gives the
latest and most reliable information regarding
the various countries of Europe, Africa, Asia, and
Australia. It is a valuable work, and one that
every traveler should have. It is published by
Dr. HOLLAND, the Editor, and is sold at a
low price. It is a valuable work, and one that
every traveler should have. It is published by
Dr. HOLLAND, the Editor, and is sold at a
low price.

CHAMBERLAIN'S
PHOTOGRAPH ROOMS!
E. CHAMBERLAIN WILL OPEN HIS
PHOTOGRAPH ROOMS ON THE
25th of OCTOBER.
and will be pleased to have the patronage of all who
are in want of anything in his line.
Look at the Price List!
Card Photos, 82.00
8x10 Photo, 1.50
8x10 Envelope, 75c.
6 Card Envelopes, 75c.
Good work guaranteed.
E. CHAMBERLAIN, WEYMOUTH LANDING
M. Hawkes & Son,
DEALERS IN
HAY, STRAW AND
MANURE,
East Braintree, Mass.
Also all kinds of TEAMING done to order.
P. O. ADDRESS: WEYMOUTH LANDING.
24 1/2
Dental Notice!
Dr. Charles R. Greeley
WILL BE AT HIS OFFICE AT
SOUTH BRAINTREE,
In Holbrook's Block,
every day in the week, where you can have your
teeth cleaned, filled, or extracted without pain—
(Gas or Ether given as desired).
Artificial teeth inserted in the latest improved and
most reliable manner.
ALL WORK WARRANTED.
Give him a call.
W. F. BURRELL,
TEACHER OF PIANO, ORGAN, AND
CLARINET,
Commercial Square,
EAST WEYMOUTH.
24 1/2
J. AUSTIN DEANE,
DEALER IN
GRAIN,
COAL,
WOOD, & C.
South Weymouth Depot.
G. F. CURTIS,
Wheelwright
CARRIAGE BUILDER
Washington Street,
WEYMOUTH, MASS.
CARRIAGES BUILT TO ORDER
AND REPAIRING DONE AT
SHORT NOTICE, IN THE BEST
MANNER.
CAKE BOARDS, IRONING BOARDS, &c.,
MADE TO ORDER.
27 1/2
Something New!
James I. DeWitt,
HAIR DRESSER,
Holbrook Block. Up one flight.
South Braintree.
Sleighs at a Bargain.
I HAVE a few elegantly trimmed Sleighs and
one cheap Western horse, which will be
sold or exchanged at LESS THAN COST, to close
out stock.
Also one
CARRIAGES BUILT TO ORDER
AND REPAIRING DONE AT
SHORT NOTICE, IN THE BEST
MANNER.
CAKE BOARDS, IRONING BOARDS, &c.,
MADE TO ORDER.
27 1/2
Violins!
VIOLINS MADE TO ORDER, AND CON-
STANTLY ON HAND.
Prices from \$20.00 to \$35.00.
Also,
Repairing done at short notice,
and on reasonable terms.
Please give me a call.
ISRAEL A. DAILEY,
LINCOLN SQUARE,
WEYMOUTH LANDING.
C. L. WELLINGTON,
Cabinet Maker,
Shop at McClellan's Furniture Warehouse,
WEYMOUTH LANDING.
PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO
Church and Store Finishing.
COUNTERS AND COUNTING ROOM DESKS
A SPECIALTY.
CARPENTERS' JOBBING
of all kinds done at short notice, and
FURNITURE REPAIRED
in the best manner.
19 1/2
GEO. W. HERSEY,
Painter and Glazier,
AND DEALER IN
Paints, Oil, Glass, Varnish, Putty, Glue.
(Old Stand of W. T. Barrett.)
Weymouth Landing.
GEO. W. WARREN,
WITH
GEO. H. RICHARDS,
DEALER IN
MEY'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING
AND FURNISHING GOODS,
24 AND 25 DOCK SQUARE,
BOSTON.

Leave your Orders
FOR
JOB PRINTING
AT THIS OFFICE, OR WITH
JOHN P. DAILEY, Business Ag't.
CITY ENTERPRISES.
W. O. FAXON, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
HOLBROOK BLOCK,
South Braintree, Mass.
REFERENCE: David Thayer, M. D., Boston; Jas.
C. Swan, M. D., Cohasset; W. E. C. Swan, M.
D., Scituate.
Office Hours: 7 to 9 A. M.; 1 to 3 and 7 to 8 P. M.
24 1/2
WEYMOUTH & BRAINTREE
Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
OF WEYMOUTH.
Insures Dwellings, and other Buildings
not extra Hazardous,
and their contents, at as low rates as any other re-
sponsible Company.
Amount at Risk, April 1, 1875, \$2,000,000.
Cash Assets, \$21,909.52
Deposits, \$10,250.12
Gross Assets, \$32,159.64
N. L. WHITE, President.
ELIAS RICHARDS, Secretary.
J. BINNEY & CO.,
CHOICE
Groceries and Provisions,
LINCOLN SQUARE,
Weymouth Landing,
Butter, Cheese, Pork, Lard,
FLOUR, MEAL, COFFEE,
Sugars, Molasses, Teas, Spices, &c.,
Of the Best Quality,
For sale at the lowest current rates. Goods de-
livered free of charge.
OLIVER BURRELL,
House, Sign & Carriage Painter,
PAINTS, OIL, VARNISH, GLASS, &c.,
BROAD ST., EAST WEYMOUTH.
Particular attention given to Graining in oil or
Distemper, Lettering, Gilding, Paper Hanging, &c.
R. F. RAYMOND,
Teacher of Piano, Organ and Harmony,
EAST WEYMOUTH.
Citizens Market.
WM. G. THAYER, Proprietor.
The subscriber is now ready to
SUPPLY PIC-NICS & PARTIES
WITH
CORNEED BEEF,
TONGUE, HAM,
As
Cooked and Ready for the Table
at the lowest market prices. Parties will
give us from two to three days notice.
Costs will be always fair, and market well sup-
plied with.
Meats and Vegetables, Oysters, Pastry,
Confectionery, Fruit, &c.
All orders promptly and promptly attended to,
and goods delivered free of charge.
27 1/2
Weymouth Drug Store.
FRANCIS AMBLER,
DRUGGIST and APOTHECARY,
Commercial St., Weymouth.
Has constantly on
hand a great variety
of
Choice
Toilet
Articles,
PERFUMERY, FANCY GOODS,
STATIONERY, both plain and initial,
And every article in a first-class Drug Store.
He trusts that his customers will look further for better
goods or more satisfactory prices, and that he will
be able to supply them with the best and at the
lowest prices. He is prepared to receive orders for
any article in his line, and to deliver them at the
lowest prices. He is prepared to receive orders for
any article in his line, and to deliver them at the
lowest prices.
COOKED PROVISIONS.
The subscriber would inform the public that from
his long experience in cooking meats, having cook-
ed upwards of five tons the year (last year), he is now
ready to supply.
Pic-nics and Parties
Of every description, with
Corned Beef, Tongue and Hams,
All Cooked and Ready for the Table.
AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICES.
Parties will please give from three to four days notice.
All Meats Warranted, or No Pay.
All business promptly attended to, and Meats de-
livered free of charge.
ALVAH RAYMOND, Jr.,
SOUTH WEYMOUTH.
WEYMOUTH MARKET
J. G. WORSTER & CO.,
PROVISION and GROCERY STORE,
Cor. Commercial and Washington Sts.,
WEYMOUTH.
Constantly on hand a good assortment of choice
BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, LARD,
HAMS, BUTTER, CHEESE, and
FAMILY GROCERIES,
All of which will be sold at the lowest CASH PRICES.
JOSIAH E. RICE & SON,
Funeral Undertakers,
EAST WEYMOUTH.
HAVING procured a New Glass Side
order connected with the business of Undertaking,
with one or two horses.
ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF
Caskets or Coffins
on hand or furnished to order; also, ROBES and
all articles connected with the business, at our
NEW WAREHOUSES, EAST WEYMOUTH
THE PATENT FURNACE TIED IN PRESERVING
BODIES.
17 1/2
W. F. HATHAWAY, M.D.,
RESIDENCE,
NORFOLK ST., WEYMOUTH.
Office Hours:—8 to 9 A. M.; 1 to 3 P. M.; 7 to
9 P. M.
E. C. BUMPUS,
Office, Boston Post Building,
Milk, near Washington St.,
BOSTON.
AT WEYMOUTH AFTER 5 O'CLOCK P. M.

LITERATURE.
OLD SAYINGS.
As poor as a churchmouse,
As thin as a rail;
As fat as a porpoise,
As dry as a bone;
As light as a feather,
As quick as a cat;
As bright as a sixpence,
As weak as a rat;
As proud as a peacock,
As shy as a fox;
As mad as a March hare,
As strong as a horse;
As kind as a lamb,
As empty as a sack;
As rich as a Croesus,
As cross as a bear;
As pure as an angel,
As snail as a pin;
As smart as a whip-lash,
As dead as a door-nail;
As white as a sheet;
As fat as a pancake,
As red as a beet;
As round as an apple,
As black as your hair;
As hard as a millstone,
As bitter as gall;
As fine as a fiddle,
As clear as a bell;
As dry as a herring,
As deep as a well;
As light as a feather,
As firm as a rock;
As soft as a pillow,
As calm as a clock;
As green as a gosling,
As brisk as a bee;
And now let me stop,
Least you weary of me.
AN INSUBORDINATE WIFE.
"SOME THINGS CAN BE DONE AS WELL
AS OTHERS."
Mrs. Giles stood in the front yard,
hanging up her Monday's wash; the
last piece had found its way upon the
line.
"Done at last," said Mrs. Giles,
speaking to herself, a habit which she
frequently indulged. "Now, if dinner
was out of the way, I might have time
to finish Leonard's suit this afternoon;
I've had it around so long."
Had a sewing machine, how much I
could accomplish! and picking up her
basket, she went into the house. The
prospect within was not very cheering;
the wash-bowls to clear away and the
dinner to place upon the table. Just as
she began to lay the table, Mr. Giles
appeared at the door, and said:
"Put on an extra plate; that man will
take dinner with us."
Dinner was soon ready and as soon as
despatched, for ceremony was one of
the unknown things in the Giles family.
Mr. Giles and the stranger retired to the
sitting room to discuss the merits of
a new reaper and mower, while Mrs.
Giles remained and cleared away the
dinner table. When she had finished
and made herself ready for the after-
noon, she went into the sitting room.
"If you have anything new and bet-
ter, anything that will make work easier
and do more of it, I'm your man. I'm
in favor of all machinery that will light-
en work for man. Why, bless you, just
look around my farm; it's run mostly
by machinery."
"Profitable? certainly," replied he to an
interrogation from the stranger.
"Money in the bank," he added, never
omitting an occasion of mentioning a
small deposit he had in the city bank.
The stranger was gone at last, and
Mrs. Giles sat down with weary limbs
and aching shoulders to finish a suit of
clothes she was making for her oldest
son, a lad of fifteen. Slowly and wea-
rily the needle went in and out; stitch
after stitch was taken, but to little pur-
pose; it did seem as if she would never
come to the last. But if stitches pro-
gressed slowly, her thoughts flew fast
enough. The last words of her hus-
band lingered in her mind, and again
and again they returned to her.
"Yes, men can have their burdens
lightened, but poor women may drudge.
Every year Giles has added something
new to his farming implements, while I
have to plod along with hardly sufficient
utensils to cook a decent dinner; an old
stove without a boiler or a whole griddle
and a cracked door. No wonder I can't
bake a loaf of bread decently. Then
here I have to sit and stitch for an hour
on this suit, when two hours on a ma-
chine would complete it."
It is needless to record all of Mrs.
Giles' thoughts and words as she sat
stitching the hours away. A dim con-
sciousness to assert her rights, was en-
tering her mind. She had so long given
up her opinions, set aside her needs and
fostered the selfishness of her husband,
that it was hard to break through the
meshes of habit which his stern will
had woven around her. The afternoon
wore away and Mrs. Giles laid aside the
unfinished garment to prepare the even-
ing meal.
The next morning at breakfast she
remarked to her husband that an agent
for a sewing machine had called the day
previous and wished her to try one of
his machines.
"I told him," she said, "he might
leave one when he came next week."
Mr. Giles laid down his knife and
fork and sat with utter amazement dis-
played on his countenance. "A sewing
machine!" he gasped, when he recov-

ered himself. "He needn't leave any
of his new-fangled humbugs here; I
have no use for them."
"I have,"
"You?" interrupted he; "don't see
what use you have for a machine. You
could never learn to use it; or if you did,
what have you to see? Only my clothes
and the boys'. Women, nowadays, are
getting mighty independent, wanting
machines to do their work; too lazy to
do it themselves. Suppose they want
to get about and gossip about their
neighbors."
"Why, Philip?"
"Woman's work is nothing," con-
tinued Mr. Giles, not heeding the inter-
ruption. "My mother had not as many
conveniences for doing her work as you
have, yet she always had her meals regu-
lar and well cooked, and that is more
than I can say of you. No, I don't want
any sewing machine about my house.
God made me a good sewing ma-
chine as I want when he made me an."

chine with a wringer attached; taking
hold of the crank and giving a turn or
two, he said:
"A washing-machine, by thunder!
But how in the name of common sense
they wash upon it is more than I can
tell."
Placing the candle on the table, he
came in contact with a patent churn.
"What! another blasted churn! Pol-
ly! Polly!" he screamed, seizing the
candle and hurrying back into the sleep-
ing room.
In his haste his foot caught in the
frame-work of a sewing machine and he
fell full length in the middle of the floor,
while the candle found a resting place
on the opposite side of the room.
Mrs. Giles, suddenly aroused from a
sound sleep, started up in a bewildered
way, saying: "What is it, Philip?"
"What's the matter?"
"Mrs. Giles spring from the bed and
assumed an air of dignity.
"Matter enough!" growled he, pick-
ing himself up and rescuing the candle
from its proximity to the bed clothes;
"who has been filling up the house with
all that trumpery and who do you think
is going to pay for it? If you think I
am, you're very much mistaken."
"Philip, Giles," said she, "I have al-
ways faithfully endeavored to do my
duty as a wife and mother. I have pa-
tiently borne my privations, thinking
them necessary, to husband our means,
while you have used money without
stint to purchase machinery to lighten
your work. Now I have resolved upon
a change. What modern improvements
there are to facilitate woman's work I
intend to have. Nay, do not interrupt
me," she continued, as Mr. Giles made
an effort to speak. "Those things are
paid for with the money dear old grand-
father left me by his will. You looked
to Mr. Harris, doing me neither the
honor nor justice to have the notes
drawn in my name. Yesterday he paid
it. I went to the city and made those
purchases; they cost less than the mow-
er you have just bought. The rest of
the money I placed in the savings bank."
"In your name, I suppose," said Mr.
Giles.
"Yes, in my name," continued Mrs.
Giles, "that I may have the use of it
when I wish. This farm was purchased
with a part of the legacy, and hereafter
I intend to see that my rights are re-
spected and my legal claims rightly ad-
justed."
REAR ADMIRAL CHARLES WILKES
Died in Washington last week after a
long illness. He was nephew of John
Wilkes, whose name was identified with
the cry of "Liberty" in the reign of
George III. He was born in New York
in 1801, and in 1816 was appointed mid-
shipman. In 1826 he received a lieuten-
ant's commission. Four years after-
ward he was appointed to the Depart-
ment of Charts and Instruments, and
made observations with fixed astrono-
mical instruments. From 1838 to 1842
he made extensive exploring expedi-
tions, and after visiting many lands,
such as Australia, New Guinea, and
the Sandwich Islands, he returned to
his home in New York, June 10, 1842.
Charges preferred against him by some
of his officers were investigated by a
court martial, and he was acquitted of
all, except illegally punishing some of
his crew, for which he was reprimanded.
In 1843 he was made a commander;
in 1855, Captain. On the 8th of No-
vember, 1861, while in command of the
frigate "San Jacinto," he captured the
Confederate Ministers to France and
England, Mason and Slidell, in the
British mail steamer Trent. For this
action he received the thanks of Con-
gress. He took an active part in the
war, and on the 25th of July, 1866, was
commissioned as Rear Admiral on the
retired list. He was the author of sev-
eral books, the results of his extensive
traveling.

A GOOD BOY.
He was standing at the corner when
a policeman came along, and pointing
to a box at his feet, this boy said, "The
farmer who lost that off his sleigh will
feel awful bad. I s'pose you'll take it
to the station, won't you?" "You are
an honest boy," replied the officer.
"Some boys would have lugged that box
off home. Yes, I'll take it to the sta-
tion." It was a stout box, weighing
over eighty pounds, and when the offi-
cer set it down in the station house all
his bones ached. Some said it was but-
ter, and some said cheese, and so it was
opened. The contents were noble
stones. The officer ran all the way
back, and he spent hours looking for
the good boy, but without any luck.
The good boy knew his business.
—English butchers have adopted an
ingenious method of disgusting their
customers with American meat. They
are buying up all the old worn-out
and enervated cows, and labelling them
when dressed, "Real American beef,
not frozen." The price charged for
the meat thus labelled seems low to the
purchaser, but it is really very high for
the stuff given in exchange, and leaves
the seller about three pence per pound
profit. It has also the advantage of
thoroughly sickening the purchaser,
who finding it quite void of nutrition
and tough as a whip-lash, at once
swears to eschew American beef for
the future.
—Rain, formerly very rare in Lower
Egypt, has become frequent in Al-
exandria and Cairo, in consequence
of the extensive planting of the mulberry
in that vicinity.
—Where do you find eternal springs?
In the circus business.

VANDERBILT ON THE ROAD.
Superior as he was in handling the
reins, he was the most desperate driver
I ever saw. He would dart through
places at a 2:30 gait that any other man
would consider unsafe at a walk. He
had become so familiar with the dan-
gers of the road, and so often triumphed
over them, that they were nothing to
him. In a road race he was like a
soldier in battle, ready to risk his life
for victory, but was always cool-headed,
and more frequently brought disaster
on others than suffered it himself.
One time I remember, about fifteen
years ago, when they were building
Central Park, being witness to such an
incident. About 1100th street there
was a stream called Lizard creek, which
crossed the road, and over it was a
temporary bridge only wide enough for
one to cross. The Commodore was
driving home, and having a spur with
Noe himself, the man from whom he
bought the mare, who was behind a
fast stepper called Atlanta. As they
nearly this Lizard creek bridge it was
nipped and tucked between them, but At-
lanta was half a length ahead, and
neither slackened to give the other pre-
cedence. I was in position to see the
whole affair, and said to myself: "Some-
body will get a ducking, and I don't be-
lieve it will be Vanderbilt." As they
reached the bridge Atlanta was still
ahead and entitled to the road, but the
Commodore never took his horse back
a foot, but swerved into the other ve-
hicle at full tilt, and plunged horse, wagon
and man into the creek. He swept
them from his track as he would a busi-
ness rival.
The Commodore had invited me to
drive his mare Empress, while he was
behind another horse, and we went out
Empress was lame, and I was inclined
to favor her, but her owner said, "Let
her go, it won't hurt her." However,
I was content to come along behind,
while the Commodore made a fierce rear
with a roadie known from his business,
as "Butter" Smith. As they flew down
the road the Commodore cornered the
butter maker, so that a hub of Smith's
wagon struck a lamp-post, and the driver
went driving over his horse's head a
distance of half sixty feet through the
air before he fell. The Commodore said
the distance was eighty feet, and I am
sure it was sixty. It was the most ter-
rible accident I ever saw, without artificial
aid, I ever saw performed by man, but
the aeronaut came down on his hands and
knees, and was not hurt. The accident
caused a jam in the road directly, and
as I came down with Empress, at a
pretty good jog, and reached the crowd
I pulled out to go by. The mare took
like a catapult. No man could hold her,
and in an instant we came into colli-
sion with another team. I was thrown
out, and got a bad black eye. The Com-
modore expressed his sympathy with
my misfortune, in the remark, "You
fool, you can't drive the mare." I
went home and nursed my black eye,
and in a few days the Commodore
wished to take another ride. He said he
would drive Empress, and show me how
he could handle her. I told him that
she was easy enough to drive until she
was pulled out to pass anything, and
then he couldn't hold her any more
than he could the steamer Vanderbilt.
He pool-pooled this notion, and I
pulled out to go by. The mare took
like a catapult. No man could hold her,
and in an instant we came into colli-
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The Weymouth Gazette.

C. G. EASTERBROOK, EDITOR.

This local paper has an extensive circulation in the surrounding towns, and as an advertising medium has no superior in this vicinity.

OF READING NOTICES INSERTED AT TEN CENTS A LINE.

CLAM SOUP.

First catch your clams—along the ebbing edges of saline covers you'll find the precious wedges. With backs up lurking in the sandy bottom; Pull in your iron rake, and lo! you've got 'em. Take thirty large ones, put a basin under. Add water (three quarts) to the native liquor. Bring to a boil (and, by the way, the quicker it boils the better, if you'd do it cutely.) Now add the clams, chopped up and minced minutely.

Allow a longer boil of just three minutes. And while it bubbles quietly stir within it. Tamulous depths, where still the mollusks muller. Four tablespoons of flour and four of butter. A pint of milk, some pepper to your notion, And clams need salting, although from of ocean. Remove from fire (if much boiled they will scald.) You'll find that Indian rubber isn't tougher! After this add three fresh eggs well beaten. Stir once more, and 'tis ready to be eaten. Fruit of the wave! Oh, dainty and delicious! Food for the gods! Ambrosia for Apiculus! Worthily to thrill the soul of sea-born Venus Or titillate the palate of Silenus!

A REMARKABLE MEETING.

Jerry McCutley's Mission, at 316 Water street, New York, was dedicated last week, Mr. A. S. Hatch, the banker, presiding.

In the evening Mr. Wm. E. Dodge presided, and in the assembly were the Rev. Dr. Booth and his wife, Mrs. Wm. E. Dodge, Mrs. Dr. Lozier, Mr. George P. Fitch, Mr. Thurlow Weed, Dr. Ball, and a large delegation from Dr. Booth's church. Mr. Wm. E. Dodge made an address, and subscribed to the fund. He said: "Fifty years ago my wife and I used to drive over to the Brooklyn Navy Yard to teach the poor sailors the Gospel. My wife taught in Sunday school when she was 11 years old, in the old Roosevelt Street Church." Mrs. Dodge sat behind her husband while he was speaking, and buried her face in her handkerchief. Others were at a poor woman's side who was at one time so nearly blind that she could not thread the needle with which she earned a living, and therefore thought she must starve. She prayed to God in tears, to restore her eyesight, and He did so. The venerable Thurlow Weed sobbed audibly, and covered his gray head in his handkerchief. Mrs. Dr. Lozier spoke of her belief in children's conversion, and said that she was converted when very young.

Brother Jerry asked Mollie Rollins, a child 5 years old, to speak. Mollie stood up beside Mr. Dodge, and said that Jesus had saved her from stealing sweet potatoes. Brother Jerry explained that Mollie used to stealthily approach a barrel of potatoes in front of a grocery store, snatch a potato, and run away. Another speaker said that he had served two terms in State prison, and had been guilty of many crimes. His mother used to pray for him, but he resisted her prayers, and ran away, and his four brothers were all converted by coming to Jerry's mission. His poor old mother's prayers had been answered. To-day, for the first time in his life, he sat down to dinner with all his father's family around the table, and all Christians.

An old woman said that she first entered the mission drunk. A bottle stuck out of her pocket. He told her to drop the bottle and come up to the bench for prayers. She did so, and now she had no appetite for drink. A boy told of his temptations. He lived among those that scoffed at him. A man said that he lived among beer drinkers, but he could sit and read his Bible while they drank their beer. A woman told how Jesus saved her and kept her "sweetly saved." She and her children had slept on the roof of a six story house because of the cruel treatment of her husband. They were both drunkards and fought like cats and dogs. Now they prayed and sang God's praises together. A sailor had "roamed the seas over for thirty years," had wandered into the mission about three weeks ago, and there found a Savior.

Brother Jerry said that it would not take him half a minute to tell his experience. "This blessed Jesus saves me and keeps me saved from being a liar, a thief, a fraud, a drunkard, and everything that is bad."

Mr. Thurlow Weed was asked to speak. He arose near the speaker's desk, and, with a broken voice, said that he sympathized with the meeting, but was too unwell to speak. He sat down and hid his face in his handkerchief. Thereupon Dr. Booth said, "This meeting is Moody and Sankey over again."

Mr. Dodge said that his wife was too feeble to speak, but wished him to speak for her. She sympathized warmly with the meeting and would pray for the success of the enterprise.

Many more of the young converts spoke; and at length Mr. Hatch said that if people wanted to know by what power all this was done he would tell them, as Peter told the Jews, that it was by the power of Jesus of Nazareth. A pretty and well-dressed woman said that she was puffed up, but that she came to the mission and Jesus had cured her of her pride. A young man had been a member of a church for five years, but he never was a Christian until he came to the mission.

Elegantly dressed women from Dr. Booth's church were crying like children. They looked at Brother Jerry with amazement when he told them how wicked he had been, and wept afresh when his wife related her experience.

A minister was telling a young girl who was about to become a bride, that she must remember that the man and wife are one. "Lord!" said she, "if you were under my father and mother's window when they were quarrelling you'd think there were at least a dozen."

THE FLAGES OF INDIA.

White ants? On a calm, comparatively cool evening, with the air delightfully calm and moist, with the effect of some shower which has fallen perhaps several miles away, all of a sudden there is an avalanche of winged horrors, which swarm in your eyes, ears, nose, frizzes, bandeaus, puffs, cuffs, sleeves, &c., &c., &c., in your plate, putting the candle out, all over everywhere, a terror and a dismay, and you find a stratum of white ants several inches deep all over the neighborhood. Having used their wings to storm your castle, they deliberately wriggle themselves free from them, leaving them sticking all over your walls, and pictures, and furniture, and then wonder about on foraging expeditions, till the rallying servants turn out in force and shovel them away. The natives like them curried, or fried, or raw, or for the crawling creatures, as the Israelites did for manna.

Cockroaches? These are seldom seen, but when they are seen are enough to scare a drunkard into sobriety or delirium tremens—sudden kill or cure. Such fevers, horns, tough skins, noisome odors, and covered with parasites. One quiet evening I was writing one of my earlier lucubrations for the press—I'm not sure that it wasn't poetry—when an intrusion of these barbarians drove an entirely different current of thought through my head, and I yelled in agony for my boy. He jumped in with his usual alacrity, and then with very unusual impetuosity bundled me suddenly and ignominiously, neck and heels, out of the room, and before I could get my breath in my rage and astonishment, had vanished and reappeared with a stick yelling, "Snake! snake!" He didn't find any snake, but he found a couple of snake holes behind a wardrobe (people don't have closets in India—solid walls of great architectural merit and everlasting fire-proof solidity, with wooden furniture in sufficient profusion for all comfort) which he stopped up, and then explained that the cockroaches had been scared by snakes, and cobs at that; for they didn't mind common rattlesnakes. His natural history was probably correct. Even with all my horror of snakes and reptiles generally, I didn't mind the rattlesnakes which used to flounce about over my bed at night, separated by this muslin, which was stuck up by way of ceiling, but then I never saw them.

Centipedes? Why in Alleppey—a nasty, damp, hole, with canals all over, full of ducks, salt warehouses and bazars—snails—I've counted ten on a dozen at almost any moment on the walls of a single room, big fellows from four to fourteen inches long, with their four legs as venomous as they make 'em. It is horrible to be bitten by a centipede. They may crawl all over you without hurting you, but if they get scared, in go the barbed, poisonous, horny points of each one of their forty feet, with an electric shock of burning pain, and a venomous grab with the terrible jaws, and then a move of a few inches, and repetition of the dose, and so on. I never got bitten myself, but a friend of mine who had been bitten used to turn pale and sick at the very thought of the horrid creature. And it is not only severe pain, for the centipede bite, especially from one of the older creatures, is frequently fatal.

Scorpions are bad, too, and perhaps still more venomous. They look so wicked and devilish. I upset the dignity of one one day who was taking a nap, apparently, in a corner behind a chair I moved out for my own accommodation, and the little beast, certainly not two inches long, made a charge at me. I kicked it off with my boot, calling out for my boy, of course, and it went for me like a little bulldog. There are spiders, too, of the champion order of spiderness, hairy, huge, horrible to view, but I never heard of their harming any one. The lizards are numerous, and with scarcely an exception, beautiful, from the little house, green lizard, whose cheep, cheep, is used as an onomatopoeic, soothing old granma in Hindoo households, perfectly harmless, tame and gentle, to the two feet long, slimy, shimmering, golden and green and orange bronze, metallic-looking, Brahmin lizard, with its effie amphibious tail, and demoniac eyes, a creature which looked more devilish to me than even the hooded Cobra itself.

A NOBLE CHARITY.

In his first general order as Department Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, General Horace Binney Sargent takes occasion to urge the various posts in the State to put forth systematic and zealous efforts to raise the funds necessary to erect and properly endow a Soldiers' Home in Massachusetts. The call is, indeed, a timely one. As year follows year since the close of the war, those who have had their attention called to the matter well know that the veterans of the late war are falling out of the line of those who are able to labor faster than men who did not enter the army. Thousands were touched by disease and hardship which did not make itself manifest until years after their discharge. Thousands more find that their disabilities resulting from wounds and disease increase with the burden of years. And more than this, the youngest man mustered out of the service at the close of the war is now thirty three years of age, while the average age of those who enlisted in the service is over forty years. In ten more years those who survive will be old men. The number that will be in reduced circumstances will, of necessity, be large. The General Government cannot care for all those who will need homes; and if it could, there is something forbidding in the thought that men of Massachusetts or of any other State must be sent away from friends to an asylum or home in another State to be cared for. It gives one the idea that a sort of expatriation is the reward (or penalty) of the patriotic defender of the Republic when poverty and old age overtake him.

There can be no doubt but that the patriotic people of the Commonwealth will heartily respond to the appeal of Gen. Sargent and the worthy organization which he represents. They will feel with him that the "grave alone must be the Soldier's Rest." All that is necessary is for the Grand Army of the Republic to take measures to bring this worthy charity before the people of the State to realize that the people who responded to every call of patriotism in 1861-5, have not lost that spirit of devotion and generosity which made Massachusetts so conspicuous at that time. As years pass, they more fully realize the great debt they owe to the men whose valor, sacrifice and endurance, saved the Republic and brought unflinching loyalty to the Commonwealth. The people of Massachusetts will not permit those who served the State so faithfully to feel in their old age that in addition to the burdens of wounds and disease, they bear the more cruel one of cold neglect and pinching want. The Commonwealth will not prove recreant to the pledge made in 1861 by its Chief Magistrate, the noble Andrew, in his address to the departing troops, when he said: "From the bottom of my heart of hearts, as the official representative of Massachusetts, I pay to you soldiers, citizens and heroes, the homage of my most profound gratitude; and the heart of Massachusetts beats with full sympathy with every word I utter. We stand behind you to guard the heart-strings you have left, and whatever may be the future, we will protect the wives and children you may leave; and as you will be faithful to the country so will we be faithful to them."

Those men were faithful to the country, as the issue showed. The people of the Commonwealth will show their "homage of profound gratitude" by responding to the call which the comrades of the Grand Army make through their official head, Gen. Sargent.

JOHN P. LOVELL & SONS,

Corner of Cornhill and Washington Streets, BOSTON.

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For the season commencing May 1st, 1877.

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